

*POEMS, SONNETS AND
SACRED SONGS*

R. M. BARTLEY



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POEMS, SONNETS AND SACRED SONGS

R. M. BARTLEY

Author of "Boost's Verse of Hawaii"



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CONTENTS

	Page
<i>Thoughts</i>	9
<i>The Sects Problem</i>	11
<i>Christ</i>	12
<i>Invitation to Salvation</i>	14
<i>The Encouraging Birdies</i>	15
<i>Can't Find Any Fault</i>	16
<i>The Day's Finish</i>	17
<i>The Sabbath and the Fourth Commandment</i> ...	18
<i>Sunday</i>	19
<i>Storms</i>	20
<i>Purity Wins Out</i>	21
<i>The Two Commandments</i>	22
<i>New Wine</i>	24
<i>Oratory</i>	25
<i>My Ways are not Your Ways</i>	26
<i>Righteousness</i>	27
<i>Heaven</i>	28
<i>The Holy Bible</i>	29
<i>Esthetical Nourishment</i>	30
<i>The Bible</i>	31
<i>Lines to the Revised Edition Pronouncing Bible-</i> <i>Dictionary—Smith</i>	32
<i>Sinners Won't Stay Put</i>	33
<i>Why?</i>	34
<i>Lines of the Salvation Army</i>	35
<i>Street-Corner Service</i>	36
<i>The Salvation Work</i>	38
<i>Frailty of Man</i>	40
<i>An Inconsistency</i>	41
<i>The Stability of our Unity</i>	42
<i>The Salvation Work</i>	43

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>A Train Convert</i>	44
<i>The Prison Convert</i>	45
<i>The Trolley Throng</i>	46
<i>The Sabbath</i>	47
<i>City Songs</i>	48
<i>The Soldier's Sabbath</i>	50
<i>Commonplaceness</i>	51
<i>Spiritual Purity</i>	52
<i>Never Neglect</i>	53
<i>Good Deeds</i>	54
<i>The Put-Off Spirit</i>	55
<i>Dear Savior</i>	56
<i>Let Us Pull Together</i>	57
<i>Samaritanism's It</i>	58
<i>Sanctuary</i>	59
<i>The Creation</i>	60
<i>Biblical Story Rhymed</i>	61
<i>February 29th</i>	63
<i>My Diary for 19—</i>	64
<i>Santy, Does He Hide?</i>	65
<i>Which Is Best?</i>	66
<i>General Booth</i>	67
<i>Lament the General (General Booth)</i>	69
<i>The Last Intimidations</i>	71
<i>The Bible Dictionary</i>	72
<i>A Sonnet for the Week</i>	73
<i>The Floral Daisy</i>	74
<i>The Blessed Trinity</i>	75
<i>Heaven</i>	76
<i>Good Advice</i>	77
<i>Wish We Could Say</i>	78

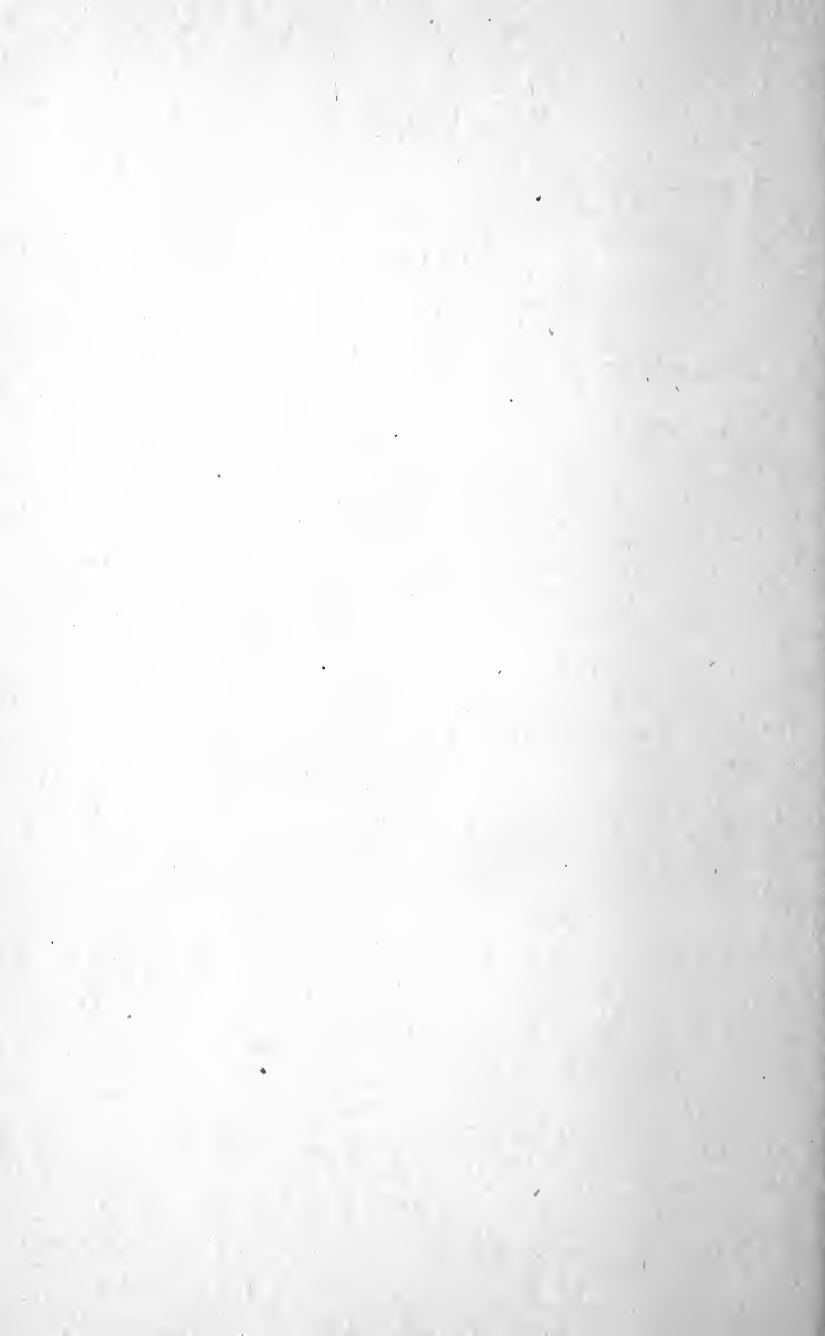
CONTENTS

	Page
<i>Prayer Telegraphic</i>	79
<i>Jealousy</i>	80
<i>God Heareth Not Sinners</i>	81
<i>Disaster and Help</i>	82
<i>It Passeth Understanding</i>	83
<i>My Testament</i>	84
<i>Independence Day in El Paso</i>	85
<i>Lines to the Smallest Bible on Earth</i>	86
<i>Read the Bible</i>	87
<i>Who Rules?</i>	88
<i>The Old Church Pew</i>	89
<i>Sing</i>	90
<i>Easter</i>	91
<i>The Sabbath Eve</i>	92
<i>Behold Your King</i>	93
<i>Christ Everywhere</i>	94
<i>Sing the Sacred Songs</i>	95
<i>Sunday</i>	96
<i>Hallelujah</i>	97
<i>Works</i>	98
<i>Sing</i>	99
<i>Christian Rejoice</i>	100
<i>Why Hear Ye Him?</i>	101
<i>The Call</i>	102
<i>Brother Obey</i>	103
<i>Is There Bliss?</i>	104
<i>The Lord Be With Thee</i>	105
<i>Our Judge</i>	106
<i>Lord Have Mercy</i>	107
<i>Lord of Beauty</i>	108
<i>Darkness</i>	110

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>A Prayer</i>	112
<i>Baptismal Sacrament</i>	113
<i>Lines Written After Reading "Death to Prohibition"</i>	114
<i>Brother</i>	115
<i>Lachrymose</i>	116
<i>Joy</i>	117
<i>Sorry</i>	118
<i>Reminiscence</i>	119
<i>My Sojourn in a Hospital, Minanoa, P. I.</i>	121
<i>Niagara</i>	127
<i>Lines to Belfast</i>	131
<i>Irish Bonfires</i>	135
<i>Lines to the Story of the Great Flood and Cyclone Disasters</i>	138
<i>Beautiful Passaic Falls</i>	140

POEMS, SONNETS AND
SACRED SONGS



THOUGHTS

Come think thoughts of purity,
Think of and, the higher shadows see;
Be angelical in every atom of a thought
For the Christian's ways with sin is fraught.
Sin is treacherous—an enemy!
Heaven, no sinner will ever see.
Change, and be steadfast in your change;
Strange, and to Christ be never strange.

Come think thoughts of the revelation;
Think of the blessings of your station.
Christ left power infallible, became man.
Whats the matter with your orbit wan?
Forsake sin! Let the Savior heal
Thy disarticulatedness for weal.
Change, and be steadfast in your change;
Strange, and to Christ be never strange.

Come think thoughts of bread and wine—
Corn and fruit sanctioned by Him Divine.
Shun intemperance of corn and barley malt,
They are not heavenly fruit, but fruit with a fault.
'Tis sin to rob your child of bread by drinking rye—
Heaven no drunkard will ever discry.
Change, and be for Christ in your change;
Strange, and to members and Church be never
 strange.

THE SECTS PROBLEM

I sometimes wonder on the Religions—
The various Sects and Creeds?
I try, when I read my Bible,
When I read of the bloody deeds,
To locate the text and Scripture,
To locate the wonderous seeds
Of all those Religions of today—
And I'm sometimes successful, I'm happy to say.

'Tisn't hard to find the Episcopalian
The first heretic of all;
Nor is the Presbyterian a mystery
When you ponder the truths of the fall,
And reclamation of the Erring Son
By Christ lowly and repentant Paul;
Nor is the friends and disciples a puzzle—
There no maze, nothing by the narrow, straight
muzzle.

The Baptist is not the hardest to disentangle,
Oh, no; 'tis the simplest of all:
Ritual is sweet and kingly,
And a vent, and a call.
Orators are quick to firmly grasp
The "leaders chance" as disciple Paul,
For its Religion for the Saint—
No use of saying, it taint!

The Methodists and Salvation Army
And Young Men's Christian Association, too,
Also the reformed bodies I can find in my testament,
And they are so necessary they grew
With the metropolises and country.
Oh, they are cordially true blue!
I just love them all in all
From Episcopalian to Salvation Army hall.

CHRIST

Christ as a child won souls to him
By heavenly magnetism of love;
Christ as a boy won learned men who dim
His environment by fallacies of Jove.
Sadducee, Pharisee, Scribes and Jew
Stood awed, astounded by the marvelous boy
Whom God and Angels sentineled thru
Dark days and nights of hiding alloy.

Christ as a man, the Peerless Physician,
Whom the blind, halt and leprous loved;
Woman's friend in her distressed mission,
Catering to false love's iniquitous beloved.
Mysterious spirit miraculously hid in danger,
How could mortal preach without being taught?
Testify, without partiality, of the Genesis to stranger
Who periodically incessantly his life sought.

Christ the guardian of His fellowman
When sin and covenanted laws failed;
Christ the Miracle Worker, weak and wan
From malicious punishment when betrayed and
jailed.
Oh, heavenly, incarnate soul who cried
In bitter, pleading tone to his Righteous Father
"Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani." Then the all power-
ful died
Mid sympathetic glances from his hiding disciple
and mother.

Christ, the crucified, triumphantly arose
From the sepulchre of those who sleepeth;
Taught his disciples how to begin and close
Missionary work in Jerusalem, o'er which he
weepeth.
Gave them the Holy Ghost, the comforter of the
elect,
To impart and transplant the Penticostal blessing.
Christ, the arisen, then ascended back
To Him who gave his only son for our lesson.

Christ the advocate now reigns in Trinity
In the Heavens the sanctuary of rest and peace.
Come, come, crieth our meek divinity.
Be pious disciples! Let sin surcease!
'Tis the crucified, the perfect one of unity,
That calls Thee from secular fleece.
Come to His fold! Renounce the old trite bee!
Remember the world is drifting to peace.

INVITATION TO SALVATION

Suffer darkness and blindness no more
My habitual, tippling brother;
Wend the narrow, sanctified floor—
We'll be your loving mother.
Every, every christian to the rescue,
Why, why hangs back the few?
Why hang back progressive brother
And pull thy purse string?
Why not fraternize amongst other
Sons of God that oft did sing?
Why hang back tantamount to the light?
Help, Oh help, dear brother, tonight.
Suffer the past century no more,
No more my intemperate friend;
Harken to Christianization and soar
To blisses without end.
Accept this invitation to the Lord,
Accept His salvation and His holy word.
Accept our ways and Church,
The transfiguration to our Lord;
Minister in tantivy with flaming torch—
Holy, acceptable our record.
Holy are our ways and works.
Harken, 'tis thee alone that shirks.
Open thy purse strings, dear brother,
Help the conversion along;
Primitive is the convergent smother
Where drunkards are millions strong.
Every Christian now to the rescue!
Why only hangs back the few?

THE ENCOURAGING BIRDIES

'Tis encouragement to hear
The little birdies, so dear,
Singing in the murky rain;
Singing when we're fain
To defame and ribald our reputation
With cuss words the damnation
Of the soul, yet the impetus
Of the wicked who fuss
With the stumbling creater
Whose works and ways teeter,
Threatening a downfall;
Then, that horrid eyewitness call
Him back to paths straight,
Which he'd faithfully mate
And ne'er again grotesquely swerve,
But obediently and competently observe
The law of man and creation—
When we are eagerly looking
For the silverlining hooking
Unto the black, monster cloud
That mantles, e'en, the poor and proud.

CAN'T FIND ANY FAULT

God in one week's time constructed the universe;
Gave every astral and terrestrial unit a proper
fitting;
Gave seedtime and harvest, wind and snowtime—
These sundry times when we take our vacational
fitting—
See a section of the universal paradise
Where man puts himself on transparent ice.

Can't find a fault, Oh Lord,
With thy wondrous toil and rest;
Astronomical lore and geologist written word
Explains the milky way and earth's strata with
zest.

God pour his rainstorms periodically down;
Sends strong winds that wreck and kills;
God sees it good to destroy by earthquake
Fair cities harboring no iniquitous ills—
Poor helpless mortal sends broadcast news of their
wrecked town.
Other mortals lend helping hands to those knocked
down.

Can't find a fault, Oh Lord,
With thy wondrous administration;
Tornadoes and earthquakes but hord
Happiness and everlasting ministration.

THE DAY'S FINISH

'Twas no headliner
This eve of work-a-day week,
'Twas simply a preparation
Preparatory to the morrow bleak.
The morrow, unknown, unseen,
Oh Lord, with protection lean.

Its with a hurry and slam
We leave today for to-morrow;
With toil we've grown careless,
Freshness we cannot borrow,
We've got to rest and sleep,
Oh, Lord, let thy protection creep.

THE SABBATH AND THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

The Sabbath is a day of rest—

'Twas hallowed for that purpose!

Saw the bumble-bees attest

Their likes and dislikes for blossoms unassorted.
Were the humble bees, the bumble-bees breaking
the law?

Why, of course not, friend, bugs are not human,
pshaw!

The bumble-bees, the humble bees were droning

As they labored to beat the band;

'Twas their insect music cause they were owning

The floral kingdom understand.

They ken peace and plenty when they drain it from
a nectary cup

Replenishing their hives and honeycomb, get up!

God gave us a day of holy rest—

His humble son didn't change it;

Man keeps it workless lest

The divine would strange it;

Make it a day of famine as in the wilderness—

That would be an awful downfall from bliss.

SUNDAY

Holy and sacred is Sunday,
Far, far different from Monday
In the routine of metropolitan life;
In the chores of rustic strife.
Sunday is rest to a farmer's son;
Sunday is rest to the manufacturing one.
Sunday, our Sunday is different, thats all!
Why Monday's hardly in it at all.

Who goes to church on Monday?
Who misses church on Sunday?
Taint the farmer and son?
No, nor the manufacturing one.
Commercial life must go on.
Secular six days, but upon
"Sunday" we all go to prayers.
Oh Sunday, closed, churchy Sunday gives sinners
cares.

STORMS

Black tracing of storm "Yester" shone
From all points of the compass.
The signs portended unrest and,
Death to the recognized Sabbath:
A day of love and neighborly working
For the Savior of ingrate man.
Christ, the titanic worker of miracle
To the grounding of His fundamental principle
The Holy, sanctified and finished doctrine:
Sweet sesame to Angleship divine.
Christ, the sculptor and alchemist,
Who by good example won over
The irreconcilables, the bigots and stumblingblocks
Of the multiple religions then predominant,
Tho' like the proverbial fig tree—dead!
Alack-a-day, they were barren, sterile, dead!
Nothing of reciprocity between man and the God-
head
Whose edicts, illustrated ensamples and preach-
ments
Were—are—everlasting life. Just think of it, ever-
lasting life!
Incomprehensible to the hearer and receiver
The beloved, recognized "Sons of God".
God, Jehovah! The eternal supreme being of
Heaven.

PURITY WINS OUT

Purity, sweet purity has its reward,
Heaven's on guard and hits sin hard.

Purity wins out; of purity there's no doubt.

Purity of the christian, great purity of him who
believes

In the resurrection and grieves not that Christ
his soul receives.

Purity is the best crown to him that's up or down.

Great purity, soul preparedness for the judgment
day,

God redeems, hurrah, and sin does slay.

Purity wins out; of purity there's no doubt.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS

There's commandments that are dear,
Dear to the Christian's heart;
Though they may hurt and sear
They healeth up the smart,
The longing to better love,
And faithfully to adhere
To the sign of the Dove,
Leaf-evidence of Christ here.

"Love God with all thy soul."
That is the first commandment;
A commandment that shineth bold,
And to the terrestrial Christian sent.
"Love thy neighbor as thy self."
The second. They the greatest of all!
The two combined a library shelf
Of biblical edicts from Adam to Thanksgiving
festival.

These greater commandments edifies man,
Teaches him the A B Cs of holiness;
Christians are not mired, nor can
Hide behind some worldly boldness.
Christ commands his flock to teach and preach.
His oneness of salvation to sinners;
Christ came not into the world to reach
The Magnate, but lowly Tanners and Tinnners.

Love God and thy neighbor, too,
Never shirk this divine duty;
These two commandments strew
Christians with transfiguration beauty.
Christ loved God and his neighbor,
Died on the cross to fulfil this law;
Rose again: instructed his Diciples to labor;
Thence ascended within the heavenly awe.

NEW WINE

Never, no never put new wine into old bottles.

An adage in three books of the testament found.
Advise is sweet to gumption with throttles!

Dear Saviour your parables are proverbially sound.

Dear Saviour, methinks the Cosmic disasters is
putting new wine

Into old bottles with foretold results?

Help us to touch that magic raiment of thine

And—hurry father-time to the ults.

ORATORY

Theres power in oratory
To good or evil;
Let the populace not flurry
Or peeve at the existence of the Devil.

Theres power in oratory,
Wield it aright;
Corrupt not the good story
And, the Devil you fight.

MY WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS

God said, let there be light.

'Twas His way to create it!
We cannot so the battle of life fight,
Shine as we may in our finite might,
We've got to watch and wait it.

No! our way is not His way;
Our thought not His thought.
We must drive slowly the dust to lay;
But God makes it rain and, say,
In the twinkling of an eye the work is
wrought.

My way are not your ways.
Oh, if they could only be!
No chaotic ruin; no pathos in days
That are passing, mid warring rays,
To lodgment of the Divinity.

RIGHTEOUSNESS

There's strength in righteousness,
In righteousness' seamless coat;
Righteousness is the way to triumphant peace
And, about peace we all dote.

2.

There strength in righteousness,
Ay, in Christ's seamless coat;
It shows the way to peaceful bliss,
Propitiating while protecting as Josephs of holy
wrote.

3.

There's peace, peace in His worship
And power, power in His cross,
They defend against sin's cruelty
Like the flaming sword mongst Eden's moss.

4.

Righteousness and strength with peace to joy and
sing;
Righteousness with praise to our Heavenly Lord;
Righteousness with strength to rescue some soul,
Help some backslider sin's moat to ford.

HEAVEN

What a place of bliss
The fair land above:
What duties of naturalization?
Nothing but love.

What works is exacted
By the supreme being above?
Nothing but the teachings of
The Saviour of love.

What does the mortal then?
Kill the sheep and goat?
Sprinkle with Hyssop as in Biblical times?
(Those doings of ancient rote)

Oh, no! they seek the truths
Of the New Testament of the Lord
And serve him according to
The divine Apocalypse and word.

THE HOLY BIBLE

COUPLETS

Perfection in code of doctrine
Is the book of books divine.

By precept proverb and lamentation
It has governed man to his expectation.

Today Religion girdles the earth—
“World arbitration” a reality as breath.

Oh Tome, of truth and edicts divine
Thou hast our fealty unto the everlasting sunshine.

ESTHETICAL NOURISHMENT

The Bible is esthetical nourishment
Given to man by God;
Man culls from its estheticness
The better his conscience to prod.

The Biblical Laws are a protection
Given to man by God;
Man follows their provision of estheticalness
The better His Savior to laud.

The paschal supper was Esthetical nourishment
Given to man by God;
Man adopts Christ's as the Christians—
'Tis holy, not of our sod.

All, all the old and new testament
(Given to man by God)
Is esthetical consecration and food
Directing him from the land of nod.

THE BIBLE

The Bible, the Bible I love
With its Genesis, fishes and mole;
Salvation Leviathans will ever linger
Thrills in my heart and soul;
Its character I'll perpetually finger
Until the Heavenly Goal.

The Bible, The Bible I love
With its Christ and with its Paul;
Revelation of sinless, active life—
Ways and means to the Heavenly hall.
By its finish died our strife,
Hear, oh hear, the supernal call.

The Bible, the Bible, I love,
Cause all things eternal are clear;
Clarified Heaven and Earth to him who read
The temperate voice and ear
Of God, who willed the blest screed
To finite that he'd be ever near.

LINES TO THE REVISED EDITION
PRONOUNCING BIBLE DICTIONARY
—SMITHS

Yes, I didn't write my note
in vain;
Thou duly put in an appearance
again!
Thanks to the Constitution, indeed,
Thanks kindly for your heed.

Pronouncing bible of a tongue
Whose wondrous rhythm have clung
To Christianity, old—young.

Again yes, I didn't study thy pages
in vain!
Thou duly makes the fundamental things
plain.
Thanks to the constitution, indeed,
Thanks kindly for your wonderful heed.

Dictionary for the Church's screed,
Book that explains the mead
And paths to what we plead.

SINNERS WON'T STAY PUT

Sinners, they won't stay put

Every New Years they want to change,
Swear off being the butt

To habits that are strange.

I cannot blame them really,

Nor find fault with their resolution;

Cast aside; lay the hems away

That fetches thee dissolution.

Like Christ sinners knew

Someone touched the hem of their garment

And, to the new habit they flew

Crying: touch it! harm it!

WHY?

The poor we have with us today, why?
Our poorhouse we cannot slay, why?
Why is the poor and poorhouse here alway, why?

The prisoner is with us today, why?
Our prisons are full, and they stay, why?
Why is the prisoner and prison here alway, why?

The poor and prisoner we tolerate, why?
Build them asylums uptodate, why?
Why because of noxious habits in hours sedate, thats
why.

LINES OF THE SALVATION ARMY

W ow! Fighters of a beligerent force
A rrived in the nation's defense today;
R ested not, be catered the "Cry" away.

C ontientiously I purchased of course
R eading-matter so current and Good—
Y ea, how Christ the tempter withstood.

STREET-CORNER SERVICE

Mama, please stop and listen
To the Christian melody;
Behold how my eyes glisten,
Glisten to the Salvation to-day.
Stop? Why certainly, that's the game for me;
I'm delighted with the Captain and his musical
army.

Of all the mortal pictures
No sight anon is greater
Than crowd attending lectures,
Street-corner prayers—finished later.

Mama! Do hear them softly singing
Jesus and the evermore glory;
Mama, let our voices be a-ringing
To the welkin the undying story;
Let our sympathetic soul develope more divine—
Christ is theirs, yours, mine.

How beautiful the Gospel truth?
Christ is theirs, yours, mine,
Sing it as sang Evangelist Ruth.

Mama, let us march with them to their hall;
There's Salvation attending prayers at the mercy
seat
Fall in! Proceed with cadenced band and all.
My child this is truly a Christly treat.
The ways of Christ is Sweet Honeycomb.
To wanderlust and citizens of Home Sweet Home,

Home Sweet Home the chords is ringing,
 Ringing, ringing in my heart ;
Home Sweet Home I would be singing
 Dear Abba, Father, hope we'll never part.

THE SALVATION CORPS

Sin cannot escape the citizen army,
That evangelical corps and throng
Duplicating the citizen's and city's song,
In Beatitudes so agreeably charmy.

Rest is beneficial to us all!
Sweet the relaxation of that melodious throng.
Thinking always purity; how to cure wrong,
Elemental iniquity mongst metropolitan stall.

Sin's not rest, only purity is peace
In cosmopolitan home, court or ball,
In favorable city, state or capital;
Purity, the promulgation of Salvation's re-lease.

Singleness of purpose is the army corps' law:
Conversion of the divine soul from sin,
From want, from self; to win
Earth's blessings and, at last, the heavenly awe.

Sin cannot escape the adaptable army
Ever singing sweet, efficient song;
In city, in state no cosmic wrong
But outcry and prayer critical and charmy.

FRAILITY OF MAN

Man was centered in the garden
As its cultivator and warden,
But by sin lost his sinecure—
Blessedness like goodness doesn't endure.

Slowly His intimated emigration
To largess of the Terrestrial expectation;
Slowly the development of the city—
Adobe bricks, plaques and pity.

Man was given charge of all creation,
Things that creep and fly his elation;
He named them all, yes, every one
Without a rest, this glorified son.

God kept to himself their keep—
Knew that at such labor man would weep,
That he'd have to chastise his vanity,
Also his non-progressive spirit of urbanity.

THE FRAILTY OF WOMAN

Woman, blessed creater created so,
Adam's helpmeet and beau;
Blest companion and friend
To the Bliss forecasted end
Of the immortal soul we cannot comprehend.

Woman, vain seeker of power,
Man's blessing and cursed flower;
Whose iniquity and intrigue with the Devil
Gave Man his residue of evil.

God cursed thee in Eden,
Curbed thy tentative seeding,
Thy seeking after Divine knowledge
Regulated thee to motherhood, not college.

AN INCONSISTENCY

Glad joy of our possessions above
 Wells our eyes with tears—
Or is it the tribulations on the tree
 That stills our lusty cheers?
We are able to battle 'gainst sin,
 Fight iniquity in the city,
Why, then, us lachrymose in public
 When its per usual privity?
Hypocrites they are not!
 Human, as a rule is honest,

Its their dictum to have rectitude
 Mother taught it them as a tot,
Then, why, the inconsistency of tears,
 When something of Christ's history is told,
Or when the Promised Prize grows clear
 To the yearning, zealous soul?

THE STABILITY OF OUR UNITY

No tongue has yet succeeded
To sing the stability of our unity!
Christ united us when he deeded
Communion with the Trinity.

Mellow Communion awake,
Jacob's ladder when we sleep;
Psalms and Parables to slake
A thirst that heavenward leap.

A thirst that's daily satisfied
By admonition of the Holy Spirit,
By biblical pedigree of the Crucified
Dying to our great merit.

No mortal yet has exhausted
The great depths of our unity,
Consecrated when we near had lost it
When Republican and Sadducee couldn't
agree.

THE SALVATION WORK

Sinners are so awry, so unstable,
That its necessary to bring the Sacramental Table,
Like the Sacred Ark of old,
To where trips Dear Mable,
And to where shambles dear Jack—
E'en along the corner gable.

Yes, its necessary and works good results
In saving the morals of Doe and Holts.
Human are funny creatures, alack!
Loving not the Cathedral's Loving Beck;
They are sensitive and fight shy of the Sacred
Edifice,
But fall to the open air service track.

The familiar surroundings and dissertation
Works an affinity, an exaltation:
They feel more freedom and pray
Unhesitatingly for their diadem;
Lauding the Salvation work to them,
Who are friends and co-workers, a joy foray.

A TRAIN CONVERT

You have speeded on a train
Rejoicing at your trip?
Satisfied with life's pleasures
Saying, let her rip?
Giving "the compliments of the season"
To the stranger in your compartment—
And a handshake to the friend—
How happy your department?

You welcomed the press of the throng
And pain of your tramped foot?
Grouched not at the old palaver
Somber as his clerical suit?
Somber! Yet no; its color has changed to gold:
Christ has awakened his spirit,
That sweet Galilean spirit of old,
In his temple now full of merit.

Nothing has happened to the train
Its speeds as before along the track;
Nothing has changed in your compartment
Your conscience alone has received a thwack;
Christ has revived his work that's all,
Answered the prayers of the millions,
Answered the pleadings of good converts
For ransomed souls to number tens of trillions.

THE PRISON CONVERT

Complements of unrighteous prisoners
Visit the altar of their God;
All thro' the season of their incarceration,
In their jungle confined as any wild hog.
Sacredness slowly begets sacredness!
And they vow to alter their ways;
Penitentiary bars or other confinement—
"Never again" they solemnly say.

Their morals are improved, strengthened
By the restrictions of the holy pen;
They'll remember their days of sorrow
Rejoicing at Christ's first visit to their narrowed
den
Their warped soul craves for a prison paradox,
Not understanding commercial life's broadened
sphere,
They would have their city disciplined to Christ—
Battling always with the wolf and their fear.

They turn preacher, to the old, old avocation,
Burying the Jimmy and other sin,
Visits the sick, and at prison altar
Preaches of the Lords cleverness to win.
Others take heart from their exalted example
Vowing, as his reverence vowed before,
To keep themselves under confinements stress
In the broadening labyrinth within the city's door.

THE TROLLEY THRONG

The trolley throng, the trolley throng,
What a Sunday crowd?
What a churchgoing people?
Acknowledging Christ out loud;
Just as if someone, with funds at par,
Was bartering the overworked conductor.
To accept a transfer from another car
That had been delayed by the traffic ruck, or

The trolley throng, the trolley throng,
How reverent the eager crowd?
How presentable in Bible array?
How condescending, not proud?
They can read and sing, too,
The sweet memorial songs;
They can pray, they can talk;
And to learn from Christ they longs.

The trolley throng, the trolley throng!
How businesslike the conductor seems?
Important and extremely courteous, too,
Also a dash of reverence teems.
He feels the reverentials of the christian
Without the aid of clairvoyance;
He hears the Halcyon sermon again—
Once they were a great annoyance.

THE SABBATH

Glory, dominion and laudation
The Christian gave today
To his Savior in a nation
Where mortals cannot stray.

What did he receive in return
For the obedience today?
He has the omnipotent's promise to turn
All darkness into day.

The inspired authors of the books
Found in the bible holy,
Gives illustrations, like purling brooks,
Of all potency wholly.

Glory, dominion to the Abba above
From every city and country;
He is mighty and sheds his love
On Christians who worship freely.

CITY SONGS

Songs ring from cities
Everywhere;
Wondrous, beauteous ditties
Reechoing thro' the air.

Psalms and hymns of praise
In cities-millionaires;
Penticostal showers raze
Brothels bare.

Chants the children, chants
The commonwealth;
God is preached in hants
Scant of pelf.

Prayers are lipsed, are breathed
In brotherhood;
Soon the terrestrial ball will be wreathed
In Christ's lowly hood.

Lectures in crowded halls
Everyday;
Emmanuel chorused in words that falls
In sweetest way.

Books published, pamphlets distributed
'Mongst the throng;
Thy meekness and goodness bruited
Along.

Converts meet and speak of Heaven,
Oh, sweetest speech;
Conversation without leaven
Within easy reach.

Missionaries in foreign state
Translates;
Atheist and Buddhist with jingoism bate
Us in their hates.

Sacred songs in sermons swell
The atmosphere;
Sing them, brother, sing them well
The divine will hear.

Join the anthem, brother, do,
Join in;
Shout the holy melody as others do
Thy crown to win.

THE SOLDIER'S SABBATH

No church nor rest today—
The Sabbath was worked away.
Could hardly get a meal
Pitching tents in the deal,
The U. S. cavalry in camp
At Fort Bliss, Texas, so damp.
Hands worked until they're sore;
Shoes worn out—no horse to the fore—
Clearing evergreens from the ground;
Driving pegs rectangular round
Our new style the pyramidal tent.
God, wot, to occupy: This Sunday sent
And hallowed by one we love,
Who forbids us to toil or move
To work as in work-a-day-week,
But, then, 'twas "necessary". Why this squeak?

COMMONPLACEDNESS

C ommon acts and things the same
O nly these in the army game.
M nemonics they are of a struggle grim
M eanly and senseless to him
O f Christian fortitude and faith.
N o; Nothing of the Savior from Nazareth;
P lease, be the nation's steadfast sons,
L ean to the yeggmen and hirelings'
A ssorted vows of prowess to win
C rown that only belongs to sin.
E 'en the breath you inhale
D amns your psychic soul to wail
N o surrender to the ethics of him
E nlisted to our aid in centuries dim.
S oldiering, yes, is only sin and comonplacedness!
S oldiers repent and don the mantle or bliss.

SPIRITUAL PURITY

With a Christian spirit work today
Clear all dull cares afar, away;
Clear the orbit you so commendably tread;
By a fervent spirit be led;
Let the Ten Commandments of love
Rule and transfigure thee to God above.

Tho' your orbit seems strangely dark
Let not your depressed spirit hark;
Kick the stumbling-spectre out of your path;
Ask power of God, and, as an aftermath,
Burn the old clinging, enslaving vines—
Lo, spiritual purity triumphantly shines.

NEVER NEGLECT

Never neglect, dear Christian,
Sweet morning prayer!
Pray to the Redeemer of the world—
Never your temperate banner furl,
Wave it everywhere.

Never neglect, dear Christian,
Melodious sacred air;
Sing it to the "man of sorrow"
From the world's battlement tomorrow
In noonday glare.

Sing and pray, dear Christian,
It will keep you safe,
Secure from sin and harm,
Changing change that charm
Thee as any city's waif.

GOOD DEEDS

Good deed is necessary!
Why, oh why, do you tarry
With thy helping hand?
Handsome is the deeds of Christ!
Accept His salvation and tryst.
Perfect this sub-heavenly land.

Remit of thy largess today;
Slay, oh, the sinful spirit slay;
Be prominent in well doing;
Good deeds is sweet to the Lord—
Read of His in the divine word—
Be taught from the Lord's wooing.

Everybody's not on easy-street;
Everybody doesn't our Savior greet,
Tell of Him today;
Help that needy one, oh help,
Save him from himself and devilish whelp,
Help him the old man slay!

God's recognition of Thy holy act,
When at last thee leave thy earthy track,
Is Heaven: The Heaven of our Redeemer.
Holy is the one whose deeds are good;
Righteousness he purchase by his blood
Of kindness, killing his cantankerous schemer.

THE "PUT OFF" SPIRIT

I kept putting off yester what I should have done.

Guess I'll get busy tonight;

'Twill give me a clearer conscience

And a better spirit to fight.

Used to receive a reprimand from father

When I procrastinated badly;

Would have to sit up nights

Memorizing lessons madly.

Used to have to run a message

Instead of Jennie's grand Pit-A-Pat;

It was very necessary to hurry

And the bearer pass Mr. Pussy Cat.

They wiseacres have truly said

"Train a child in the way it should go

And it will not depart therefrom until dead.

I hurry to paddle my own wood row.

DEAR SAVIOR

Dear Savior, your seeds of salvation
Took deep root in this waystation
To beautiful growth of love!
Human kindness and prayers are growing
Until orison's are strowing
The earth to overflowing
And—for "First Place" in our love.

The Bible is big—an inspired law;
Precedent without fault or flaw
Too guide us to thee;
Our wildness it puts to negation;
We affirm thy better station
And await with abnegation
That judgment to be.

Dear Savior, your seeds of kindness
Harkened to our blindness
And kilt our adversary whole!
Love in purity is sweet;
Love gets us admission to the holy street;
Love! Our eternal love we'll greet,
Dear Savior of old.

LET US PULL TOGETHER

What could the U. S. not do,
The country congregated might deplore,
Since victory of the Americas' rustic lane and
avenue?

Whew! Let our pull together never be o'er.
Let us multiply in liberty's right
And the right of our Holy Lord,
Let us ever pull together to fight
For Americas and the revelations blest word.

Ay, what could the new world not do,
Accomplish for civilization and the Lord?
Abolish all superfluity by cultivating the true
Vine, whose root is the biblical word.
Let us increase in strength of liberty
And peaceful strength of our Lord.
Americas united in secular and holy unity
With no outstanding obligations and plowshares
the sword.

SAMARITANISM'S IT

The Samaritan received the glory
For kindness to man,
The wounded robber all gory—
Dying men tells tales.
What a touching, thrilling story
Of Christ's chosen people.

Lord, thou incline our ways
To Samaritan activities;
Beseech us with helpful rays
And divine spiritual proclivities.
Teach us that Samaritan ways,
Ways of self-denial's IT.

Yea, 'tis only sundry self-denial
That receives the shouts of the people;
Those little events of trial
You meet in everyday life;
Small, like poison in its vial,
But not a negative quantity to us.

Lord, incline toward us here,
Baptise us with Samaritanism and love;
Teach us to be humble and fear
To roam without thee mother earth;
Teach us to reverence thy tear
For Jerusalem's non Samaritanism.

SANCTUARY

Sacred spot hallowed by Heaven
And divine spirit promiscuously sent;
Oh, rendezvous-sanctuary no leaven
Thy Holiness will rent.

The human is safe within thy walls,
Protection thou meekly delivers.
'Twas truly preparedness in primordial halls,
Deliverance from the enemies quivers.

THE CREATION

The creation so good, so fair,
Developed into anything but prayer :
Adam and Eve's nonconformity to edicts of God ;
Cain, their son, in disobedience trod.
Received punishment adequate to the offense :
Exiled far away from sweet parental sense
To the wild state and city of unruly man
Who doesn't recognize the teachings that pan
Redemption to eternal, everlasting light—
Oh Lord, have mercy, Calvarian mercy tonight.

BIBLICAL STORY RHYMED

Once it rained forty days and nights
Drowning the generations of the world.
The true tale is unfolded to all
In the Holy Bible, the book hurl'd
From primeval age to age—
Spotlessly kept has been its page.

That rain storm was meant to destroy
The unruly firstlings of the race;
When its depredations were consumated
There was a prophecy given by grace,
Never, no never, to rain so long again
As to flood the earth into a main.

Jehovah worked a big miracle
To preserve his creation man
Before he opened the windows of Heaven
And the fountains of the deep that span
The habitations of the sons of God,
Those faithful sons that fear the chastening rod.

He instructed the dutiful Noah
To build himself and sons an ark
Which would withstand the devastating flood;
And the man of God fervently did hark
Unto the Almighty who so righteously spoke
And who wouldn't stand for his ethics being broke.

Appalling was the catastrophe that duly came,
As foretold by the omniscient God;
And the only living man or beast
Was those who browsed near the sod
That the protected vessel contained
Whilst it interminably rained.

That lesson wasn't terrible enough
To be a warning and fingerpost,
Man required other cautions and admonishings
For his delinquency (no ghost):
Fire and brimstone, miracle, etcetera—
The Christianization for the better.

FEBRUARY 29th

I said with my morning prayer
How do you do!
I'm so pleased to meet thee—
My confession's true.

Day formed from tailends
Of the passing years;
Ay, every fourth year
You for duty clears.

Day we greet with prayer as usual,
No; we don't make any change;
We are stickers to etiquette,
Prayer and business keeps the maximum
range.

MY DIARY FOR 19—

Dear old leap year 19—
Thou too soon will die;
Like the fallen leaves will lie
Neglected whilst 19— delve.

Friendly notes, thee will soon be complete,
Will I let thee by neglect to die,
In some nook or cranny to mortify,
And aggressively 19— meet?

Or, will I make my diary a handbook?
Whose text is scripture indeed,
Daily to lovingly read,
Read thy happenings true and fluke.

Class thee with my old bible?
Daily to be tenderly read,
(Thoughtful thoughts of the year now dead)
Ponder whilst traveling 19—, oh no, not idle.

SANTY, DOES HE HIDE?

Christmastide is sweetly illustrated
Plus and minus old Santa Claus;
He improves the beauteous scene—
Sleigh and reindeers in a cause
Of jubilation to children small,
Who confidentially write him at the Heavenly
hall.

Santy, toy ladened Santy, does he hide?
Where his supple steeds career?
Wish he would leave his address
For the chubby, anxious children here;
Who annually try to catch him
With letter to the Heavenly rim.

WHICH IS BEST?

Which is the best at the end of the journey
The mussy sinner or christian hoary?
Which can testify with gladness and joy
That their life was a dream and a story?

Sinner or Christian which holds the Bay
At "finis" of lifes drama?
For my part I believe its the Christian? don't you?
And not the Criminal or Dram-Ma.

Sin is sweet for a withering while,
But the Christians life is sweeter still;
Disease and sudden death is not a bate
To decoy the Christ-Child to quill.

Which is the best at the end of the journey
The boisterous Sinner or Christian mild?
Why, emphatically, the convert's is the better life—
Graphically portray the meek, not wild.

GENERAL BOOTH

General Booth I heard preach
With mighty reach,
Near a lough's beach
In old Ireland, a British Isle.
He was a popular divine!
No established church shrine
Had larger congregation—thine
An inconoclast's worth while.

Last night, in goodly leasure,
I had a Sunday's pleasure
Attending divine service of a measure
'Gainst which I cannot speak:
'Twas a branch of thy army
In service so charmy
That, I could listen for a week.

The young soldier component,
An auxiliary—cogent—
Maty with churches somnolent
Of the Mighty Protestant Faith,
Thrilled hymns to popular melody:
En passant sang they to me
In this Harum Scarum see
Of divine breath.

String instrument for the hand,
Tho' they are a vocal command,
Duet of banjo isn't canned

On the street corner.

Accomplishments are acknowledged so:
Sister, please let her go!
Commences a melody low,
Far, far from Jack Horner.

Now, that old general is eld,
The good general I beheld
With a city felled

At his feet.

May he live long with his command,
That happy, joyous band,
Until the happy land
As his Aegis Greet.

LAMENT THE GENERAL (GENERAL BOOTH)

The general is dead.
Long live the general!
So his congregation said
As the death mask pall.

Lament you soldiers, lament for your leader,
Lo, his Saviour desired his presence above;
His great work is finished, his earthly work done,
How he sleeps his long sleep of 'ndying love.
England, America, the wide, wide world
Has lost a sympathizer, a man of their heart:
A man that saw a Christian' duty
And steadfastly clung when troubles would part.
Nothing could faize him, no work to hard,
No toil to difficult for this wondrous man;
God ever strengthened him and the comforter sent—
The heathenish countries better converted by his
plan.

Many Christians, toiling Christians in heathen land
Bless the general tho' their trials likens the
inquisition of old;
They know that God befriends them, stands ready
to receive their spirit
When the bid farewell to their paternal fraternal
fold.
The general was sympathetic, love personfied, ador-
ing!

Why not imitate this inimitably Christian leader
Who gave so much time, patience, health, wealth
To forward them in Christ and a bible reader?
General Booth is dead. 'Tis the cabled message I
ween!

England, America and the whole wide, wide world
Dons the crape on arm, strong temperate arm
That would have battled for his life with death
and elements that curl'd

The general is dead, but his great work lives,
Lives to be forwarded, developed nourished;
Lives to be so constructed, so adapted that the needs
of the times
Will find the Salvation Army adaptable even to
moorished
Countries where intemperance, infidelity, white slav-
ery reigns
To the shame of the Christian corps at home and
abroad.
A shame that our beloved general would have giving
Years of his life to change the current and
tendency of their rod.
May we meet on that shore where we've God's
promise to meet;
May our fellowship and song magnify our God;
May His sweet benevolent work-spirit inseparately
remain
With His children, His flock of this terrestrial
sod.

The general is dead.
Long live the general!
So the wide world plead,
Ay, with dual prayers God enthral.

THE LAST INTIMIDATIONS

Refused, spurned and rejected
By sinners all;
Grossly affronted the spirit—
Still the beck and call,
Until grayhairs, or an accident remind
That the Godhead has been left behind.

Then, the Superhuman Endeavor
To do and dare;
Then, the heartrending plaint
I'm stark and bare!
Must I meet the annointed one so?
Must I now thro' the Pearly Gates go?

THE BIBLE DICTIONARY

QUATRAIN

Biblical characters alphabetically aligned,
A newness, a mellowness, indeed!
I love the Bible Dictionary, an Aegis tined
To withstand Simoniactal greed.

A SONNET FOR THE WEEK

On Sunday imitate your affectionate mother
In obedience of the Biblical Decalog;
On Monday mimic the Beatitudes and other
Truths necessary to navigate the blest fog;
On Tuesday a friends holy example is good
To an excellent account in the Heavenly log;
On Wednesday the teachings of your parson isn't
bad
They are excerpts from the life whose blood
Inimitably pays for thy redemption—its no fad.
And, on Thursday, I know you would
Not backslide to Satan's path?
Friday and olden time Sabbath thou hath
To the teachings of our One and only Lord—
Oh, what an opportunity by imitating the Holy
Word.

THE FLORAL DAISY

SONNET

On the Sabbath I keenly felt
The wide, many colored belt
Of wild daisies—A flower to pelt
Childhood's wild, romantic days;
And to pelt manhood's it is meet,
And measures up in many ways
To the native botanical flora.

Oh daisy, so small, we greet
Thee a thing only to be possessed for a night
If plucked from thy bed by Dora:

Water may preserve thy life
For a short withering fight;

Thou only decoration in vase of strife—
Living a day—dying in a night.

THE BLESSED TRINITY

SONNET

The preach today Christ Crucified,
Our sins forgiven—our advocate died
On Cavalry to that happy end.
Thanks to the Almighty have been cried
In past years; and at the present time
Prayers and laudations ascend
To the Heavenly land sublime.
Earths peoples rejoice with the profundity
And righteousness of the Father's pity;
All kingdoms and their galaxy of city
Are persuaded that the Trinity alone is mighty
And endeavor to keep the Commandments Holy;
They worship and believe alone in the Blessed
Trinity—
Walking in the divine light wholly.

HEAVEN

SONNET

The earthly cities enamour and enthuse you
Away, far away from the expected Heaven we
love;
In their gaities, fickleness we loose you,
Honored and everlasting Haven above.
Heaven, the new Jerusalem, where the Crucified
Is omnipotent and lovingly undenied,
As when He manifested himself on earth
Testify the glory and life, even in death,
Of Heaven. Oh Heaven, looming ever brighter in
the offing nigh
Our promised land, our cherished expectation.
Oh Lord, thy divine ways and purification
Breathe, yea, wreath a chaplet on all those who will
or can
Be confirmed to the blessed truths which fan
The darkest nooks of earth, the Trinity's plan.

GOOD ADVICE

SONNET

Be religious, for for rain
You've ardently to pray
Night and day,
In every possible way,
Or, your work is slain—
Killed with want of prayer
And want of thought
For the (Droughty) morrow bare.
Co-operation with your God
Will never bring to nought
Your endeavor; and the chastening rod,
Promised at the Resurrection,
Will not be yours for correction—
So be religious, praying nightly ere you nod.

-WISH WE COULD SAY

SONNET

Wish we could say: Let there be light,
Let our unfavorable, dark night
Be cut in twain,
Sun to rule its day, moon to rule its night,
The greater and lesser to fight
The Black Pall, which blinds our sight
In our everyday lane.

Wish we could say: Lord take us above,
Carry us to thy everlasting love,
Cut us from our lane;
Then, the Heavenly sun alone would prove
A boon in the eternal grove,
Where Angels coo as turtledove
To the Savior slain.

PRAYER TELEGRAPHIC

SONNET

Mechanically we plod throughout the Sabbath day
Telegraphing oft, we can truthfully say,
A prayer to Heaven and the spotless one so far away
For a clearer conscience to better scan
The liberal arraignment of mortal man
To work out his own salvation.

We read and chant sacred books to a finish—
Rapidly the daylight does diminish
Until artificial lights, whose station
Is in and around our habitation,
Take office, instead of the Diurnal Orb;
Then our spirit we bridle and curb
Reading the family bible with anticipation—
Verily the bible is truths consummation.

JEALOUSY

SONNET

Jealousy, behold we find it developed in man,
Almost the first created man indeed!
Know ye not that Cain did jealously plan
And that the sanctified bleed
Cried unto its God—now blest Trinity?
Who summarily questioned on the hypothesis
And punished accordingly his affinity.
See what the first treacherous, jealous man
Suffered by his dark deed when blood ran,
Ran accusingly on this terrestrial abyss,
This young earth donated to Adam
For himself and fair Madam
And their seed from generation to generation,
Ay, until the unjealous receive Heavenly station.

GOD HEARETH NOT SINNERS

John 9-31

SONNET

Sinners, ah sinners, repent today,
God cannot hear thee while in thy sin;
God will reward thee! Do pray.
He will hear and give in;
Minister to thy salvation and glory.
Sing, oh sing, the psalmist's lay,
It foretold the old, old story:
Christ redeems us to his glory.
Sinner, repent! Call on thy God,
He can hear thee when you pray.
Awaken! Thy charred spirit prod
To temperance, holiness of the holy clay.
God can't hear when thee connive and nod
To Bacchus—Redeeming a foreign God.

DISASTER AND HELP

SONNET

Many, many to the Savior crept
As anon they promiscuously wept
Their telegraphic message of woe
To the democracy of the republic to flow,
To help, with humanitarian kindness, all
Suffering the travail of their sudden call;
Suffering the premature crossing of the styx.
Blessed suffering ere entry into the ultrapacifist
hall.
Lord thy peace lovingly affix.
On all those who thought nothing too much
To donate, in services, to thee.
Pity, protect, for none such
Here is the power of the divinity—
Everlasting, supreme Trinity.

IT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

SONNET

Tempestuous swirl, unconstitutional, I ween!
But, hold, I'm not omniscient!
I cannot understand the mysterious spleen
Of the Triune, anon, anent!
But, hold, again I say 'tis unconstitutional;
With endangering powers they are pent,
And to mortal very prosecutorial.
Just think, times between their visit is only lent.
Harvest time of the woodland
Rolls methodically, periodically around;
And, of course, to flood land
Is very healthy to the ground;
Good as the rotation of crops—
Oh, no; I'm not omniscient, but unconstitutional the
tempestuous drops.

MY TESTAMENT

SONNET

I have longed daily to peruse you,
To know more of Heaven above;
I'm not biased or bigoted, but to abuse you
Is against my edicts of eternal love.
I cherish Thee in remembrance of one who died
And not Him alone, but the first Martyrs who
sighed
When stoned or imprisoned to their death
Proclaiming in proclamation, with their latest
breath,
That God was their redeemer and heaven was nigh.
Oh, glorious Heaven, celestial habitation,
To which they soared prematurely to neath
The cruel punishment of their fellowman;
Or so I read in the acts of the Apostals an
Other good books of you, my testament, the
Heavenly plan.

INDEPENDANCE DAY IN EL PASO

SONNET

Say, El Paso's not irreligious for on Independence
day
The Salvation Army was singing in the good, new
way,
Singing favorite psalms and newer sacred song;
Giving sound personal testimony, not too long;
Annexed with prayer and benediction—
In the very, very choicest of diction.
Thank God, they are against the intemperate brute
and wrong.
There colors and standard was grounded hard
On pavement of the Cosmopolitan city, dear pard!
The "Last Stand", by preachment, was declared:
Sin would have to vamoose and stay away.
Guess the drumming tambourine by Satan was
heard?
City was clean in joy (Christian) array—
Saint was sure celebrating Independence Day.

LINES TO THE SMALLEST BIBLE ON EARTH

SONNET

What? Thou infallible classic now
Only material for amusement's row?
Out of an amusement depot thou came,
Perhaps not to be as indelible as thy name—
Thy parental tree, the generations of illustrious fame.
 Manufactured thou wert beside trick mates
That glorify and bespeak the blackart—
So tender and appealing to youths mellow heart.
 Specific to the amatory children's fates.
 Disappointment turns their hates
To canker 'gainst thy fabricated part.
 The whole facsimile of the Holy Bible,
 Now a toy for the unscrupulous idle?
Glorious pacification of balm and smart.

READ THE BIBLE

SONNET

Read the bible, 'tis good advise,
For it tells of the way to Paradise;
Tells of the Savior who died for men—
Read, oh read, of it in the Good Book when
 Sunrise and sunset wax and wane
And at offtimes when opportunity says amen.
'Tis also obeying the Commandments Ten
 To let your soul wend this revelations lane.
Read the oracles and obey the Biblical Laws;
Read from the Old and New Testament the Christ-
 ians cause.
Make it your morning's morning before duty falls;
Your night's night before the chamber calls,
Calls thee to the silent watches, the celestial halls,
From where Christ protects the peaceful fighter and
 His salvation balls.

WHO RULES?

QUATRAIN

Does Christ rule the world?
Christ the Savior of man;
Rule by proxy from the Heavenly Whirl,
Or, is it only the municipal plan?

THE OLD CHURCH PEW

The old church pew, sweet mercy seat,
Is honeycomb of the Lord;
There we sing our service meet,
Praying from the blest word;
There we listen to homilies, too,
Pondering the depths that be;
There we herald the revival anew
And to the comforter bend the knee.

Sitting or standing, kneeling in prayer,
The Holy Ghost is truly there;
The Holy Ghost our hearts inspire
In the old church pew—our hearts desire.

The old church pew, dear mercy seat,
Where heavenly aspirations spring;
Where the Devil can have no beat
Because Angelic inspirations string.
No iniquity, no pestilence here can touch
The soul in sanctuary sweet;
Christ's covenant "when two or three" is much,
Very much to the Christian meet.

SING

Sing as Christ sang
The songs divine;
Sing of his miracles,
Sing of the marriage Wine:
The Wedding feast of the law
Pure, holy, without flaw.

The Lord was there,
Oh, praise be to him;
The Lord was there,
Oh, sing it with vim.

Sing of the Virgins Lamps so dim,
Their oil was gone;
Sing, for when they sought a new supply
The ceremony was on.
Be warned in time, dear friend,
Think of that unhappy end.

EASTER

The truth is here
For Christ is near,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Its just as bright
As when the cloudy light
Darkened Him to their sight,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah this Easter Morn,
Christ is here, oh ye forlorn,
Come and sing unhappy one,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

His armor it is good,
Be washed in His blood,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sing this refrain with vim,
Sing it upon the rim
And be sanctified to Him,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

THE SABBATH EVE

What jubilation to the Lord
Every Sabbath Eve?
All works are at rest,
No heart does grieve.

Its all the same throughout the world
No matter where you be;
One big, strenuous hallelujah
To the Almighty See.

What devotion and joy shown
The dear Savior;
All the first day of the week
Without a waverer.

BEHOLD YOUR KING

Behold your king,
Your subjects all;
See his majesty you ring,
Now on him call;
He'll your diseases cure,
And prepare you everlastingly to endure.

Behold your king!
See the crown of thorn;
What if it pierce and sting?
Lo we're to sorrow born.
What will thee now ask?
Get busy on the plebiscite task.

But the crowd with one voice
Say, crucify him!
It was their report, their choice,
To protect their rim—
The earthly mosque and home,
They saw, not the Heavenly Dome.

Behold your king,
Behold him on the cross
Where black sorrows bring
Victory! Nót loss.
How many are grateful today
That the Nazarene went that way.

CHRIST EVERYWHERE

Blessed day with sun a-shine,
Blessed day the world is mine,
 "Christ is now here."
That sentence is very old—
I read it in books that mold,
 Also, "Christ brings good cheer."

Blessed day with light divine,
Blessed day, O Lord, of thine,
 I ken you are here.
Everywhere, you command this day to be kept
 holy,
Everywhere, free from care and work wholly
 For Christ brings good cheer.

SING THE SACRED SONGS

Sing the sacred songs, laud the God Almighty,
Laud the minister, too;
Your heart longs, your heart's flighty,
As the minister's true blue;
Stop the depredation by sweet aspiration
And cling as your minister, do!

Hear the organ softly peel
Cadence of holy laudation;
Can't you the Holy Spirit feel
Prompting you to inspiration?

Melody is hypnotic, prayers are the same,
And the minister sweet supplication;
Your heart is erotic, your heart is tame,
Yet joyous in dedication
At the service to the Lord; hark the Angels lisp
the word
In the sermon's edification.

Hear the organ softly peel
Cadence of holy laudation;
Can't you as sweetly peel,
Promptly ditto the aspiration?

SUNDAY

Sunday, day of rest
By God given;
Sunday, day of the best
Hallowed by Heaven.
Day of gladness, day of joy;
Day that contains no alloy.

Sunday and Sunday-like holidays
Days of holy rest;
Days of supplication. Say,
Would you part with the best?
Would you give back the present of God?
Given weekly to sprout as Jesse's rod.

HALLELUJAH

Choruses rent the air,
Sermons everywhere,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Salvation Army flag a-flying,
Old Glory hoisted and lying
'Gainst the staff whose trying
To say, Hallejah!

Hallelujah to the preacher,
To the Christian teacher,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the vocal sister
And to the vocal mister,
To those congregated, I say: List, er,
To God's hallelujah.

WORKS

Works is the all in all
That builds the temple above;
That fells the hindering wall
To eons and eons of love;
To God's eternal glory;
To God's mystery hoary.

Prayer works the mystery
To man's works on earth,
Destroying the vain iniquity—
Destroying it in its birth.

Works is saving a sinners soul
From its earthly Devil;
Casting away the fetters whole
By power of prayer over evil;
Knocking the stumblingblock away
From the paths where sinners stray.

SING

Sing thru the days of the week
With spirited tongue;
Sing and the good Lord seek,
Oh, favored one.
Sing, sing, all the time;
The Savior's name to meter rhyme.

Sing melody into your heart
By singing sacred song;
Sing ready song with the choir's art
All week along.
Sing when malignant danger you meet;
Singing your Savior greet.

CHRISTIAN REJOICE

Christian, rejoice for thy Church
The Savior of men here;
Man's principle is wayward, it does lurch
From the pivotal road so dear.
Have the joy of the Disciples who obeyed,
Obeyed Christ when He his new doctrine displayed.

Christian, joy in thy missionary duty,
Thy work which Christ laid done;
Know that when he sent men to preach purity's
beauty,
Beauty of character and home, he meant everyone,
Everyone of this metropolitan see.
Joy in thy work-relation Heavenly.

WHY HEAR YE HIM?

Why hear Ye the redeemer,
Or read His story wholly?
Why walk in peace and plenty,
Able in oblation holy?
Why be a christian at all?
Why hear ye the Redeemer call?

CHORUS

Why hear, why hear the Savior's call,
Oh, ye the wayward lowly?
See thy wake is only debris,
Thee to perdition is drifting slowly.

Why hear ye Thy maker at all?
Your set is alright?
Does not your club fraternize?
Giving thee pleasures and not blight?
Thee like the woodland flowers blooming!
Why hear ye Him in the glooming?

Why hear ye the Savior mild,
Or protest the blighting wile?
Why have home and comfort,
Holiness, peace and smile?
Why sing the sacred song?
Why pray against all wrong?

Hear the Lord's testament again,
He will fulfill his vow;
Resolve to work for cleaner polity—
Protect e'en the brittle bough.
Radium is not half so healing—
Why hear or go to Him stealing?

THE CALL

Think mortal, thy Heavenly Father
Is calling today;
Calling thee to Him and His glory.
Wilt thee obey?
Leave the derelict and prepare
Thy spirit for the eternal—somewhere.

Think mortal, who it is gives the call,
That's calling thee alway;
'Tis the fairest of all that's fair
Dwelling in the fairest land—somewhere.
Will thee live temperate in things temporal?
Leave the sinking wreck and walk the new
chapparal?

BROTHER OBEY

Come let us evangelize brother,
Today! This blest day;
Call relation; call one another,
Today! This holy day.
Let us rejoice in the goodness of the Lord.
All ye earth obey the blest word.

Obey as brother to brother
The teachings of our Lord;
Obey as you would your mother
Who first taught thee the holy word.

Let us consummate our truant act,
Oh today! This sacred day;
Let us obey while the spirit beck,
Oh today! This holy day!
While there's opportunity to change your way
Hesitate not, oh brother, obey.

IS THERE BLISS?

Is there bliss without thee,
Bliss that's bliss in word and deed
Do we rejoice about Thee?

Is our joy only when we read
Thy miracles and works of pity
In that biblical metropolitan city?

Is there bliss anywhere
But the bliss of our Lord?
Is there joy but in temperance bare?
The temperance of the holy word.
Man's workable life is found in the acts,
Sacred Dogma and testifying tracts.

THE LORD BE WITH THEE

The Lord be with thee
And help thee to delve!
Pray Him not to flee
And to your battleaxe be the helve.
Jehovah always remembers his sons
Even if they sojourn with the Huns.

The Lord be with thee!
Be thee with Him.
Heart and soul to Him flee.
He will enlighten, not dim
The soul that he dearly loves,
And ever to its protection moves.

OUR JUDGE

Our Judge is up above
In the land of light and love,
In the celestial land!
We are finites here below
Toddling onward thru sin and woe
To the haven where all converts go
From this terrestrial land.

Our Judge at last we'll meet
In the land where Angels greet,
In the celestial land.
We are finites in our stay,
But we will at last away,
Thru cloud and sky that's gray,
From this terrestrial land.

Our Judge is up above
A Judge of light and love
Proffering the celestial land.
We are finites in our love
Waddling thru this sinful grove
Expecting the infinite's love to dove-
Tail the terrestrial land.

LORD HAVE MERCY

Lord have mercy, have mercy, O Lord,
For my indiscretion of thy day and word;
Sightseeing, epicuring, going to the show,
Is why I petition thy mercy here below.
Foreign land stole thy preachings away,
Even darkness found me askew, astray.

Have mercy, O my Lord,
Teach me to obey thy word;
Even now thy disciple I'd be,
Direct me from thy Heavenly See.

Lord have mercy, have mercy, O Lord!
Thy unruly children has built a pleasant ford
Of temptation for Thy flock;
They can hardly resist the knock
Of gait, so wondrously fair,
It makes me prisoner 'mongst the unrighteous
blare.

Lord have mercy, have mercy, O Lord!
All day the city drew away thy protecting
sword;
Made me patron of ungodly place
(On thy Sabbath) what disgrace?
Couldn't appreciate thy day of rest,
Must be carnal, bestial lest

Thou would have mercy, O my Lord,
And teach me to obey thy word;
That, even now, thy disciple I'd be,
Direct me from thy Heavenly see. Amen.

LORD OF BEAUTY

Lord of beauty, spirit of mind,
Spirit of works, and, oh, so kind
To the cripple, halt and blind
And the incurable leprous man
Saying "unclean" while begging his bread;
Praying for strength and peace to his bed;
Praying, perhaps, for things that were dead—
Ignorant of Jehovah's plan.

CHORUS

Lord of beauty, peace and strength,
We pray Thee the breadth and length
Of the earth-round, mountainous sphere—
Scour of its poisons—give cheer!
Rule peacefully in the hearts of men,
Cleanse thy temple for its diadem.

Lord, loving man, meek king,
Once thy triumphant travels did bring
Peace and joy and song to ring;
Gratitude and sight to the blind,
To the dead—but they only slept—
Tho' companions for them sorely wept,
Bereaved their loss—but Thee the adept
Physician was kind.

Lord of beauty, hear the sweet prayers of the meek;
Let us worship and thy everlasting glory seek.
Spirit of purity! Strengthen the weak—

Thy faithful followers here!
Sons of God, united, pure, whole;
Every kindred welcomed to the fold;
Welcomed to salvation's welcome goal—
To a Christians holy career.

CHORUS

Singing ever of the Savior's strength;
Walking ever the narrow ways length;
Worshipping their Savior on this sphere,
Strengthened by prayer and biblical cheer.
Living as Christ would have them live—men—
Upright, steadfast in equity of Church and secular
den.

DARKNESS

Come, ask your affronted spirit to quit
The commensurable darkness and rowdyism in
life;
Ask it, correspondently, to hurry and flit
The highways to the low-ways, not of strife.
Come, be a communicant of the Church
And quit that horsy, high-sounding lurch.

CHORUS

Come out of the ways of darkness, leave the dead
life,
Don the holy envelope, disrobe the mantle of strife;
Come, be honest, upright, a communicant, come!
Come, lavish peace and plenty is always rife!
Honor and glory awaits you, quit the rowdyness
rum.

2

Darkness is treacherous, slowly the paths you tread,
Leave the beggarly life's highways;
Speed on the new found streets of gold instead.
Oh, leave the quicksand, the rock all fear allays,
Come, besiege salvation, a Pacifist's peace win,
Courtly and glorious the ways free from sin.

3

Come, demand that cowering spirit to dismiss,
Dismiss the endangering cantata of sin;
Assemble, not dissemble, with those who daily kiss,
Chant's helps of righteousness sweet peace to win.
Bitter are the dregs of an uncultivated life,
Cultivate the Christian spirit in yourself and wife.

Quit the ungodly darkness, foresake the slough forever,

Sweetly sing in the choir of our Lord ;

Be renewed, by the parable of love, and sever

Unholy bonds forbidden by the holy word.

The bible and prayer-book and hymnal, too,

Are boon companions a bedraggled spirit to renew.

A PRAYER

Man of works divine
Capture this heart of mine;
Let it with radiance shine,
 Son of God!
Mold it to thy gentle way
Whilst it nomadiclike stray,
In thy service, away
 To the land of nod.

Man of pity divine
Pity from that heart of thine
When we sleep or when we dine
 In the land of nod.
Let Thy blessing descend
On all mortal who lend
Ear and, this invocation send
 To the Son of God.

BAPTISMAL SACRAMENT

Glad, oh, glad we are today
To partake and forsake
Sin's blighting, consuming ray.

Holy sacrament, ordained by him
Who was crucified and died
That sinners might their soul-light trim.

Blessed body and more blessed blood
Taken meekly and discreetly
In remembrance of him and his Cross of wood.

Sacred bread, holy, holy Wine!
Baptism we adore for evermore,
Indulging, blending our spirit with thine. Amen.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING
"DEATH TO PROHIBITION "

Wine fermented: To study thy anatomy
Is education to me;
But to intoxicate my system—
Oh, horrors! to damnation I flee.

Man may have improved his lot
By application of thy distillation?
But, my heavens, to be a drunkard
Is to be an alien to the nation.

The commonwealths of the world
Lean to the temperate existence;
I'll follow and obey their mandates,
They lead to the least resistance.

Friction is mighty and hateful, indeed,
Think what a little grit can do?
Spoils the journal—gee, I'm verbose!
Let me live my dry period, whew.

BROTHER

Brother, come let us play in the garden?
Steal stealthy away from our warden.
Yes, we'll go and pray amongst the flowers;
Spend, oh spend, such happy hours
As the wild butterfly and honey bee
Mimicking our prelate or D. D.

CHORUS

Brother, please come to my bower?
Let us pray one little hour?
Let the wild bird and the flower
Teach us to our Savior cower.
Brother, please come, come away
Let us pray, sing and play.

Brother, come along to the pungent sunshine;
Seek the laurel where the songsters outshine
The silent trees of the garden clump—
Behold some broken to a stump.
Let us play while the garden we romp
Singing, brother mine, is not our only trump.

LACHRYMOSE

Sister, sweet sister, why do you cry?
Why make me sorry? Wish to die?
What is the error in your life today?
Have you forgotten to wind up a smile for me, pray?
Sister, laugh and grow big, please, do!
Mama and I wants you too.

CHORUS.

Why are you lachrymose? Why sad?
Why shed those tears? Why not be glad?
Everybody is smiling, and the sun is smiling too,
Nobody is sorry but you, you!

Sister, bright sister, I love you so,
And, dear Jesus, loves you as a beau.
Don't be tearful unto death;
Fetch not sighs, but take long, deep breath
It will keep thee happy and content
And you know its noughty to be discontent.

JOY

Rejoice with me, oh dollie mine,
Be converted! Save that soul of thine.
Come be oneness with me—
There's salvation in serving the Trinity.
Love "Our Father" who lives up in Heaven—
Here's kisses, dear dollie, seven.

CHORUS

Joy, there's joy in the service of the Lord;
Joy, there's joy daily reading his word,
Memorizing the verses the Episcopalian sing;
Mute verse that Seraphiclike ring;
Voiced as the best rhymed verse of meter;
Sung where Christian's work teeter.

Rejoice with me, oh dollie mine,
Heed me not when I affront the spirit of thine;
I am vainglorious and so forgetful,
Wanton, heedless and so neglectful;
Liable to forget that I love thee
When I commune with the Godhead above thee.

SORRY

Sorry, oh, so sorry, my Savior dear,
For my waywardness and sin;
Wipe away my dear mama's tear—
Take your little sinner in,
In those arms so gentle and strong—
Redeem him from his naughtiness and wrong.

CHORUS

Sorry, oh sorry, dear Savior, I am!
Sorry, dear mama, I havn't been a lamb.
I've been barbarous to thee and God,
I deserve thine and his chastening rod.
Have mercy, oh, mother, mine;
Compassion Savior, Savior divine.

Sorry, oh, so sorry, dear Savior, your lamb!
Spurn not his advances of penitence;
Help him, oh help him, to sing a psalm.
Mother, oh mother, of such endearing credence.
Be his standard accompaniment to joy.
Dear Savior, oh mother, pity your boy.

REMINISCENCE

When I was about ten years old
Father, whose sleeping 'neath the mold,
Took me on tour of Tandragee's spinning mill
To behold the intricate machinery and still
My yearning, childish, unmechanical mind
About the mysterious machine and kind
That callow youth can't go near,
Instantaneous fright, keen fear
Possesses his enquiring brainy system.
See him cuddle closer, closer to 'em
(His escorts) whose guide and tutor him
Concerning the pousy, watery way, light or dim,
Until he arrives at the terminus beginning
And wondering deeply breathes the pure air ringing
With the telegraphic-telephonic wires,
The quick method of the business manager's desires.
He remembers the block of hackling pins,
Also machinery which skilfully spins
The Irish flax into precious yarn
To be woven into cambric or grooming rags for
barn.
In carding room I saw where mother worked
And stable where father never shirked.
Brother's lathe was stopped, ay, very dumb
But his "turnings" in revolutionary hum
Hum on dear sister's spreading frame,
Which she fired to be a laundry dame.
The sodden yarn, in the hot spinning room,
Cagged, ready to be hoisted to glassy dome
Where elder sister reeled and reeled
The live long day, religiously steeled

(’Twas piecework) to have a pay next Saturday
Plus the payment before so gay.
Holidays, welcome holidays, arrive periodically
And L. S. D. is their monetary crown, by gee!
Saw the hanging hanks in drying loft so warm,
There, silence reigned without loss or harm.
Once father toiled and sweat at job like this.
Alas, it turned out to be uninteresting bliss:
Thought of his cherished family’s position
And what would be their future condition,
So solicited change from factory to mill—
Laurelvalle was transformed into Tandragee’s hill.
Lundy the traitor is burned there every year;
Damaged nationalists there tread the streets in fear.
King William the third’s memory lives;
As does the star chamber and Gyves,
The inquisitional paraphernalia of those nationalist’s
sires
(Primeval Christendom’s iron bound tyres)
Away, away back many, many troublous years—
In 1690 the prince of orange ended protestant’s
tears;
Gave them of his cup to fervently drink:
Bibles, dogmatic literature, peace, pen and ink
To endite their polity for their new nation—
Oh, blessedness beyond condemnation.
Wonderingly amongst their Christian inventions I
stood;
Amazed! But yet I hardly understood
The alpowerfulness so varied and intricate
From tow card to yarn desiccated.

MY SOJOURN IN A HOSPITAL, MINDANAO, P. I.

SCENE.

The scene where this story is laid
Is in a hospital of Mindanao's Glade.

TIME.

Sultry Summer of turbulent 1906
When Moro's executed very much live tricks.

PROLOGUE.

I was sick, but not very sick.
Had a swollen eye from sting of tick,
Or Lizard which abound in barracks
Continually a-dropping from rafters to backs
Of those soldier guardians' of the territory,
Where I endeavor to lay this story.

STANZA "A" TO "Z."

The hue and cry of victory has swelled
Reaching up provisionals welled
In our beauteous and best of posts
Awaiting the call for re-inforcing hosts.
The battle of Bud Dajo was a victory!
Again the Archipelago of Jolo was free,
Free from piracy and willing foemen.
America's defenders harbored no den
Of thieves and cutthroats; no clique
Of Mohammedan was in power to tick
The deathwatch of an American son,
Their wings was clipped every one.
Camp Overton's routine hardly received a shock
Troopers went a-diving from the pile-driver and
dock.
How magnificent this selfsame dock?

What a vista from sound of hospital clock?
 Post hospital on first series of hills
 That stilts chic lake Lano's chills.
 A long flight of several terraced steps,
 Or a serpentine road to its labyrinth depths.
 Banana trees bearing bunches of fruit,
 Edible to native, foreigner and brute;
 Plantain trees growing much the same
 Over this sickman's cherished domain;
 Also the erstwhile umbrella tree—
 Better classified under the technical bee
 Of "Chinaberry"—with flowers and berry,
 A weakling as the luscious cherry
 Where coacconut, mongoes and hardy butternut
 Abounds for the cooks gaping pot.
 I used to wander to the bestraddling porch
 Gowned in kimono not of Heaven's terrestrial church.
 No; a hospital is a different establishment
 Than the standard edifice devoted to Christianity's
 balm and lint.
 No surplice did our Episcopalian chaplain sport—
 Indeed he held song service in Thespean court.
 I would, to try my strength and skill,
 Manipulate the manumotor chair and fill
 The porch with elastic laughter and wit
 By my "comings and goings" to and fro,
 Eye doped with bandage of liniment dough.
 My converse to some of the incarcerated men
 Would be of the Philippine's disease ridden den.
 A schoolmaster would edify us all
 With an account of his habitation in a fiery call,
 A conflagration of the simply constructed nepa hut,
 And, Oh my, the near shave he had from death and
 cut:

His gallant rescue of his trunk and books
While the infidels gazed on weathering frightened
looks.

Moro Gentry are uniformed with tightfitting
Breechcloth

And Sarong of negro-beauty-prints and moth.

A Bizarre appearance to an American pedagogue
Struggling to overcome fired Nepa on frame of log.
Other patients were cavalymen and civilians per-
haps for the grave;

One soldier wearing a perforation for which I didn't
crave:

Used to watch the ward steward and medico

Probe for a compress of a yard or so;

Medicate a new one, and for a minute

Would be passing, passing that rag in it.

A Chinese had his lower extremities diseased—

He was secularly interesting before he was eased.

Told me in rigmarole that he caught the itch travel-
ing streams.

Didn't fancy the malady even in my dreams.

The various organizations would alphabetically come

To have their fingerprints registered—dumb

And concrete evidence for the unsplayed futurity:

For instance: if shadowing crimes should proven be

'Gainst one of the well paid personnel of the cavalry,

Soldering at home or in lands across the sea—

Desertion, fraudulent enlistment in age or name,

Those recorded phrophylactics would scream and
frame

The advocate for conviction. Presto, convicted
felon.

Prisoners arraigned to courtmartial are whilom,

Ay, "guilty" until duly proven otherwise

And in custody of "the officer of the day" lies.
 No bail can keep them out of the guardhouse prison,
 Tho' "rank" would be a factor as a prism
 In classification of the elemental, primary ray
 That encompasseth us roundabout throughout our
 day.
 Interesting and klaedoscopic it was to (painfully)
 watch
 The work of the hospital corps—A well drilled
 batch—
 As to behold the local firmament darkened
 By Myriad flocks of flitting Vampire harkened
 To the many watches of Luna's (to them) magnetic
 night;
 Or the pest of grasshoppers swarming tight
 Eating and browsing on tropical trees and lichen,
 Garden truck, fruits, and flowers pitching
 Their beauty and fragrance into the atmosphere,
 The same shocked by one mighty hum and jeer.
 Grasshoppers are very courageous in their flit,
 Will brush you, bump you, and headon hit
 Pedestrians square in the visage's orb. Lo,
 The reservation is covered for a mile high or so,
 Can bearly scan the good, florid, friendly sun
 Setting where the bay waters tide, boom and run.
 The ward superintendent, each and every morn,
 Would punctiliously visit us after the chores borne,
 Those necessary duties to bed and toilet,
 Though the same the simplest as a peeping violet
 Growing in cultivated bed, so comfy, no nice.
 The aforesaid flowerbed a dial of clock whose price
 Uncatalogued 'mongst the mammoth ads of mer-
 chandise.
 Jeweler and merchant businesslike boosts entice

Customers to purchase "in holiday rush" his wares
 To his self-aggrandizement and civic stares.
 He was camaraderie and pity merger in one!
 Would do his level best to raise the sun
 Of the deadened surroundings with lively joke
 Culled from Judge or Life; and surreptiously poke
 Comicality in prose or pictures from the latest paper,
 Which would be a month old, by japer!
 Transports are a slow mail distributors, I ween,
 Nothing is fast except the metropolis' green.
 Manila, a coral gem of the Philippine groupe.
 Browse, oh Browse Americano on the tropical poop;
 Browse midship and stern 'tis thy own floral east
 Rapidly transforming to an argosy-American,
 Leased
 By right of conquest and victory galore—
 Two wars baptise thy palmy shore.
 I was a unite in the defense of thee!
 Now in sorrow I gazed across the requiting sea
 At the Pacificist's civilization and happiness,
 Yea, from depths of this treacherous territorial
 abyss.
 The isolation tents was a repellent camp!
 What dreaded plague was rampant and clamp
 Some soldiery individual far, far from home
 Where sweet parents waited in vain to welcome?
 I would gaze across and become goosed—intimi-
 dated,
 Lest I was for that foreign encampment slated.
 Slated that ward with isolation like the Island
 Moloka,, indeed,
 There leprosy buries its dreaded, malignant seed.
 Shamming physical unity I'd confidently assert to
 the chief

That I would like to go for duty! Unfeigned grief,
 And take a plunge to Iligan without an eyesore.
 Silent and deadly, would grip me the while,
 Ay, heartsick I'd be tender as a child.
 Daily I could see Datus with their wives and
 Hombres
 Traveling, traveling to Iligan beneath the shade
 trees.
 Daily I could hear the bells of the campanied pony,
 Also "Sigüe" of post guard to trespassing phony
 Who hates the alien master born in the continent
 new,
 Now trespassing, ay, monopolizing his county,
 whew!
 Perhaps a pony would balk, or rambumptiously
 run away;
 A native chicken fight—prize cocks sans bolo and
 cockpit's gray;
 A race for "Aqua" to be hurriedly bolted—drank
 From dipper—an improvised elephant ear, coconut
 shell—at tank;
 A bargaining in Spanish for a native mat,
 Or marketable rooster of good tropical fat.
 A baseball game I'd look down upon periodically,
 A nine—fans from the diving torpedo boats verily.
 Squadron was deployed in Kriegspiel to Malabang.
 Surgeon returned me for duty ere the bitter fang,
 Country of the Moro, was flanked and traversed.
 'Twas a lasting joy to me, a trooper well versed
 In the multitudinous strategic duties of cavalry,
 To be quartered once again by the big rolling sea;
 To be amongst, aye, to be one of the lusty and strong,
 Those disciplined huskies of tragic story and song;
 To be able to visit the deep blooming seashore

NIAGARA

Falls and cascades I've seen
By the dozen "big and little,"
But thou hast the plum, oh scene,
Scenic big and tittle.

'Twas as dark as dark could be the night I gazed
on thee;
Perhaps old Luna shed her light, but how the trees
of the park benight?
Benight—and Niagara's marvellous glee.

Galaxy lights of manufactory that surround you
attracted my attention as thy waters pound
you;
Icy mettle had thee in its grip; cold was the prospect
for a dip—
Winter was exploited around you.

Cold was the night when I pondered thy boom
where thy running waters thundered
Gracefully over the Angular precipice, and where I
stood in the snow the railing was ice—
Thy guardian's thorn—so that I wondered.

Mechanically thy human guardians thee watched,
ever on the qui vive they despatched
Thy daily and nightly readings, and war-sentinels,
on sentry go, heard thy pleadings,
Pleadings at dejeuner matched.

Goat Island to me was so forbidding that to explore
it I'd only be kidding,
And Toronto made it a side issue (this valuable
gem) consequently Canada, I love thy diadem
For work-a-day week thou art so hidden.

I sought the assistance of the old commissioner
whose friendly lights didn't flare
Enough enticement for me, a stranger, to stroll the
bypaths of the tiny island mountain, I fain
might roll,
Roll into the treacherous rapids there.

At least—a drenching. In the extreme—death.
How horrid to contemplate neath the “Lady
of the Midst’s breath?
This gentlemanly official was courteous, indeed, sold
me literature my purse to bleed—
Whose legend this spotlight of earth.

Receiving minute directions of the route I hied
myself to make the Canadians pout:
Paid a dime in toll to cross the International bridge,
which is lengthy; for the St. Lawrence is no
midge—
Pleasure and freighter ply about.

Was awakened from Niagara’s noisy, hypnotic spell
by challenge of armed sentinel who finally said,
alls well!
Turning me over to the commander of the guard,
while cipher omens typed my brainbox hard,
For I dreaded the inquisition sometimes fell.

Passing my cardboard carte-blanche to an officer
of rank (mechanically a second sentry passed
to and fro on our flank)

I silently wondered how many pickets they had
distributed along this boundary as a fad
And protection from dynamiter crank?

He demanded my business in tone of conscription:
Where I was born; what I worked at I had to
give discription.

He glistened when he discovered that I once be-
longed to England and a discharged soldier out
of a command—

Returning home a secularist to restriction.

Begged me to call in again when I sent my postals
home. Gladded my heart with an invitation
to roam.

Every place in hilly Canada was closed so corres-
pondence on this trip couldn't be nosed—

Bitter communion on the auspicious occasion—
Anon Buncombe.

Returning, he suggested I'd better try the saloon, but
the idea seemed too preposterous so I left his
toon.

Repassing the working Tommy I honked "good-
night" tho' unfavorable his accoutrements for
fight,

Decorating him like a scudding moon.

His officers den tanged me with cosiness until I did
admire office paraphernalia, maps, stove with
fire.

Bravely I adventured the park adjacent the famous
falls inwardly sorrowing at night's palls—
Blankety blank darkness and wintery ire.

I pondered the missing of a pullman's peep at the
scenic gorge, and, bless your heart, the daylight
fires of Niagara forge,

Also the alien state whose reciprocity we seek—
tariff is sweet even to the classy meek:
Peace, always peace the U. S. urge.

What a nuisance the engineer who runs his train
late? Tempting us to overstay where they
cant properly accommodate,

Where we don't want to register and be a resident;
where we're loosing more than we're gaining
and with sorrow pent,

Sorrow—not the clairvoyance dreamy sate.

Sorrow at our losses in business transaction; sorrow
at train's tardiness and night's election,

Night when unfamiliar sights is darker than the
darkest hour (shadows dont mark 'er)

And disparagement exploits its action.

Criminal was the railroads dilatoriness for artificially
lit was Niagara Abyss.

Niagara Falls" a lodestone to the sightseer and
current timetable disregarded—jeer—

Yet, no; we the dove of peace kiss.

LINES TO BELFAST

What do I remember of Belfast?
Well, I'll tell you in fiery blast:
The city's avenue and street
Has loud and fervent beat
Of kettle and bass Drum,
Also instruments borne on the thum.
How well they pierce that local empyrean —
Oh, the music so beautiful augean.
Methinks, God blessed those minstrels
For luxuriously the cavehill city swells
In population and resident chic.
There, fife, flute and piccolo pick
The lover of the music grand.
Oh, Belfast is the best city of that land!
Yes, par excellence and fairest in demand.
There, arches span and emblematically stand
A sabaothic monument of the day—
An anniversary's good fray.
There, civic sons grandly rejoice
With mighty drum and voice
In the field for the purpose,
In field where no rancor blows
To the various fraternizedations.
Yet those of green hallucinations
Pout, peeve and bemoan their lot,
Can't join in and celebrate, not plot
The overthrow of the years now past—
Good twelfths of July in Belfast.
Yea, regalia in multi-color
Decorate debonair persons fuller
For the auspicious occasion,

When the honorable caucasian
Remembers past glory, immortal
In song and statue of portal.
William of orange, the beloved!
King William who successfully shoved
His victorious army across the Irish sea,
Clashed with King James and made him flee
To the French sanctuary an alien,
An alien of the highest honor and den
An exile from his mighty throne—
A throne of greatest fame and tone.
Now they lovingly congregate,
Mimicking the good victor's hate.
Oh, glorious, victorious, momentous day
That chased catholicism away;
That has the drum beating
Though the weather be sleeting
Or broiling, sultry hot.
Popular musical selections roll
As the pegeant proudly stroll
In cadenced step; the Orangeman
Exalting his beloved country; an'
Exotic fauna and flora
Dazzling the radiance of fair Dora.
He hates to be a recluse, or need
Everlastingly the bible to read
For nought until the dark noon;
Bibliomania he does croon
As he celebrates the glorious day
His forefathers loved, hurrah!
Hurrah—"finis coronat opus."
The end crowns the work. plus
And minus the day is celebrated,

Decadent Fenianism bullily bullbated.
 Striated as her sunset on Lough and Hills
 Her buildings speaks of prosperity, not ills.
 Her Town Hall, her Library, her College
 Pave the brain of the stranger as maulage
 Of shipcarpenter on transatlantic Liner
 That her municipality and streets are fine, none
 finer;
 That her polity and commissioners is O. K.,
 Equitable as her landlocked quay
 Where interisland commerce rolls on,
 Ever on! the Orangemen's day it does scorn;
 Or her shipyards, spinning mills, etcetera—
 Hers is an industry found nowhere any better.
 Ferries supply the want of Harbor Bridges;
 Heather blooms purpler on her ridges.
 Orange Lily, Sweet William and Batchelors Button
 Are sported by everybody but Paddy Dutton.
 Paddy is for the Shamrock and Green and White;
 His musical instrument, the Harp. for it he'll fight.
 But remember string Instruments is not the all
 in all—
 Manufacturers of Wind Instruments has a thousand
 at call.
 Why stick to one? Why not assimilate the variety?
 Celebrate as Orangeman and not as stay-at-home
 Moriety?
 Her Parks I just idolize for they are just splendid,
 Flowerbeds bespeaks well of being carefully
 attended;
 But, oh, if the open air Park flowers pass
 What of her Botanical Gardens where exotics are
 enmass?

Oh, her window Potted plants are simply grand;
Her Hawthorn and Boxwood and Lough strand
Is gorgeous and satiates her population,
Who goes wild for progressiveness and decoration:
Cockade Hat, Apron, sash, musical drum—
What do I remember? Well, cast up the foregoing
sum.

Yea, to be where the Orange Lily
And sweet William bloom,
And think only of King Billy
To dispel the Blues' gloom
Which eats my heart away
And the Revelations bright ray.

Yes, to wear once again in buttonhole
The emblem of the Orangemen;
To know that truths so bold
Is the fundamental principle and plan
Of my brother born in the land
Of St. Patrick, the Presbyterian grand.

IRISH BONFIRES

In old Ireland the bonfire is chronic
In July and August of the year ;
Protestantism is blatantly resonic
In this kind of dangerous cheer.

Parnell,—Lundy and oft times a Papist
In effigy is burnt—
Don't while in parliament use a bigoted fist
Or you'll soon get the inherent

Piecemeal, fiery antidote for your disease :
Torches of turf, sauterated with parafine,
Will tinge, blazon on the city streets as fleas
Of hovel in city slum.

Erstwhile this pleasure and annual pastime
Is excellent in its way.
I've attended and celebrated to rhyme
Of fire and drum in city and o'er brae.

Bad deeds (done in hatred)
And bad valour (Amen)
Is remembered. Paid in full—freighted
Is the belligerency never slain.

Oh, old Ireland is an awful trouble
Worshipping an Italian Pope,
Who considers himself an infallible double
Of Christ our only hope.

Wants Home Rule this coming year,
Emerald Isle of harp flag green,
Who worships an Antichrist—jeer,
Ye protestants where Erin's shamrocks
gleam.

Set lighted match to bonfire, do,
'Tis a pleasure and pastime;
Let the world ken you are true
To thy forefathers blest chime.

Let your children be as thee
When they reach the years of maturity;
Let not thy characteristicness flee
With arbitration and local purity.

Fight the good fight once again
It will fructify and seed;
Fight with prayer as for rain,
But remember fires you need

To strengthen and cultivate vim,
And, perhaps, the better valour
And Heavenly courage of him
Who died in blackness, not pallor.

A good recognition, thrice blest, indeed!
God was always very near
The righteous Christian's act or deed.
Always ready, day dark or clear

To acknowledge thee his son;
Wants thee to be an Angel,
When thy race is favorably run,
In the land we love so well.

Yea, have the bonfire lit,
Make it a guerdon true;
It will help thee when you are bit
By adversary's poisonous rue.

Lundy, thy trusted Episcopalian,
Turned and seceded from thy cause;
Didn't harken to thy wailing,
Left his orbit and laws.

Left his Church and flock to fold
The lost minions of Rome
Within Londonderry's walls; walls so bold,
So protestant, and palatial home

To followers of a royal king
That would nobly and courageously support
The rich, poor and hirling
With sword and Christian court.

Let your fires blaze in effigy
To the righteous Lord above,
He has wondrously favored Thee
Since Ireland's initial fire of love.

LINES TO THE STORY OF THE GREAT FLOOD AND CYCLONE DISASTERS

BY THOMAS H. RUSSEL, A. M., L. L. D.

The bible is such a little tome
 Its published as tiny as postage stamp;
 But hark to the above treatise
 And gnash your teeth and stamp.

The Myriad subjects of biblical history
 Is abridged to nothingness;
 Perhaps, oh book, thou art the same;
 Tho' covering only a weeks abyss.

The creation is not lauded for population,
 But its aftermath was progressiveness;
 Tribes developed where void reigned
 With history of cruelty and bliss.

We would sometimes appreciate more detail
 Of the antediluvian period;
 Our imagination leads us madly
 To the grotesque and weird.

No; the creation is not much on population,
 Contrasts the flooded district;
 Dear story, thy author treats his subject
 Virtuously; tho' a glimpse of the waters
 would make you sick.

Will generations in the great futurity
 Have our longings and wish
 The tome to be thrice as large,
 Or as big as Jonah's fish?

Woolly Nebraska's tornado wild,
Fair Ohio's deluge uncanny
Was history of the moment,
They which we didn't want any.

Real estate "In Ye Olden Tymes"
Was very much terra firma;
But Lord look at a metropolis today
And then at the ancient's wigwamy.

Skyscrapers, cantilever suspension bridges,
Spires and smokestacks as high
As the tower of contention—Babel,
Which all the earth's tribes reared to the sky.

What was the offense, oh Lord,
That Thou saw it good
To devastate and raze them to the ground—
Do we not enjoy the floral wood?

Do we not picnic and serve thee
In servility good and meet?
Blindly we accept Thy oracles,
Except when doubting Thomas' meet.

We love nature! Behold our parks
Where the children sport;
We love the ocean! Look at Panama;
Is the canal a hurt?

Our ships ply the quasi-deluge—
Why didst thou without warning send
Calamity to plague Omaha and Dayton,
Was it for us thee to better comprehend?

BEAUTIFUL PASSAIC FALLS

INTRODUCTION

All things are created to change:
Childhood grows to manful manhood;
Herbs grow from seed pollen to things of usefulness;
Trees spring from the acorn to well developed
timber;
Fishes from, the reared-in-the-laboratory, spawn
To edible anchovy table d'hote repast;
Chickens from the eggs in the incubator
To laying fowls—the blessing of housewife and
family;
Fountains from the past plentiful rains—
The thoughtfulness of our deified Godhead;
The waters of our creeks and rivers the same won-
derful source!
Friendly hills retainers of our daily supply—
The marvellous supply of the Passaic River.
It having its source and estuary in the Appalachian
Range;
The mountains that beautifies the Atlantic coats's
profile,
The mountains whose watershed feed the Passaic
River
With its dizzying climax the box falls;
Falls that, by man's ingenuity, is a gigantic power
plant.
Man has excavated, dredged, dammed, constructed;
Using all thy summer waters to develop the neces-
sary electric current
To the nudity (water dress a-work) of the falls.

The S. U. M. proprietors has laid the axe to the tree!

Now the diminutive gorge with elevation where their plant has site

Is terraced with walks, and park of the escarped variety.

Betwixt the adjacent buildings the floral gardening is immense.

But, thank God, the S. U. M. cannot at all cycled seasons

Use the bountiful supply of the glorious river,
Occasionally the wronged waterfalls has full play
And then resident and stranger wonders and photograph.

Paterson, the silk city of New Jersey;
Paterson, where textile labors hold forth,
Hold sway fifty-two weeks of the year.
Visitors alight from autos and train,
From trolley and motorcycle's whirring noise
Glad that their goal is at hand;
Glad to pick faults in thy street system;
In thy electrics glad, mellow rays.
Endeavoring to transform the city's warmth,
In elixir, to the cockles of their heart.
Trolleys grinding and passing is inspiration!
Transients have come from far and near
They want to be amused with things Paterson
Ere they gasp at the wonders of the Passaic Falls.
Stores are interesting and patterned to their spirit—
The spirit they are feeding to fruition.
Where? But in manufacturing Paterson could they see,

See the spirit of the tumbling waters?
 Majestic cascading of water nymph to freedom.
 The hankering after the life of their sire—
 Scion faithfully adhering. Grudgingly giving in
 That progress from the ways of their father is for
 the better.
 Other metropolis may editorially endite,
 Graphically portray, by means of the ubiquitous
 newspaper,
 The progressiveness of the modern spirit,
 Loving spirit whose intentions are to rule democracy.
 Democracy's institution is for progressive prepa-
 redness.
 Democracy is the democracy of our Lord Jesus
 Christ.
 The sweet, sympathetic democracy found in the
 silk city
 Where the limpid waters, dressed in lacy colors,
 Joyously tumble in loud laughter to freedom.
 Visitants enthusiastically surveys the rainbow scene—
 Thundering cleft in the rugged cliffs heart,
 Signally sympathetic core of the whole grandeur.
 Cardinally they lean agape on the sprayey bridge
 To glimpse the laughing lips where the waters roll
 away
 After descending to depths of the Cauldron's love-
 liness.
 Behold the beautiful concordant water
 Placid-like as it unhesitatingly takes the first leap
 Ere it more rapidly rush to be garlanded in airey
 beauty—
 A dress fit for any queen!
 Behold the scintillating train of loveliness

Echoing joyous hurrah of the leaping waters
Whose life is everlasting, ay, unto aye!
Can the excursionist not now see the domes and
spires,
The smokestacks and green foliage of the street
trees
Whose companions are the abodes of the progressive
peoples?
Peoples whose hearts and souls are clean—
Righteous unto the ways of the Almighty.
Who only err by ritual ignorance,
Abhorrent fear of departing from the paths of their
fathers.
Behold the monument to their fathers Sabaoth
glory,
Endying, supernal record for the coming generations.
Who can gaze on this monumental crown without
awe?
Without experiencing thrills of militant glory
That it stands for union and victory—
As the waters stand for generative power and force?
What abysmal beauty in those bare, robbed walls?
What a pedestal for the laudation and glory,
Glory of the new Jerseyans' unselfishness?
Vainglory of those heroes immortality!
What an improved setting for the rapprochement
of those waters?
Parks and bridges in grandeur galore;
Residential wigwams strewn along its banks;
Bungalows thrust from waters to cliffs;
Manufactures and domiciles pulsating in ravines and
rifts
That intensify the hills which fringe the river,

Hills that are studded with evergreens—
 The evergreen of the lonely pine.
 Glimpse the garret mountains with its observation
 tower,
 Also target range of the renowned state militia,
 An asset of preparedness that speaks manfully for
 the future.
 See the dammed waters for wintery pastimes:
 Skating, slaying and its kindred sports.
 There youths of both sex war on each other fero-
 ciously,
 Yet in kindred rivalry and fraternal spirit,
 Phalanx and detachments belching batteries of
 snow—
 Munitions manufactured on the spot.
 Oh, snowballing satiates their savagery,
 Enthuses and keeps their blues in bounds
 As the adstriction of the now glacial district,
 Iciled wonder 'mongst the cataract's magnificence,
 Magnetizes the enthusiasm of the sightseer and
 resident.
 You can hear and see both auto and trolley—
 Totowa and Singac are live burgs.
 Little Falls, media between, surrendering the bay of
 beauty—
 Beautiful indeed the Passaic River labyrinth of
 scenic glory
 Perpetuated and ravashed by sweet floods of
 romance.
 Here sire and scion plight their troth;
 Here the future prodigy tastes of the wormwood
 and the gall—
 And the stature and beauty of Milady's figure
 improves,

1
Rounds out to the starry loveliness of womanhood.
Charming, radiant are her scintillating eyes
Moved by the clandestine spirit and living waters;
Waters whose attractive glory in proverbial!
Superlative is its powers and force
Over the creature whom God loves,
Whom God sways as the reed on the rimpled warp
Finally pulling him into his haven of protection.

New Jersey, New Jersey has the waters fresh and
salt,
Has the Aquatic Calisthenics unfermented and malt,
Her population's in ecstasy—about industry and
pastimes they'd halt.

Her seaboard's one rousing, tremendous resort
Where her resident and transient can like fishes
sport—
Can holiday honorably to gain. Not dire hurt.

Every city's in elation about its sea or lake,
Every city can D. V. its appetite for old Neptune
slake—
Can be canoeist and lover, sea rover like Drake.

The Passaic River is favorably located to employees
of mill;
The silk city is enthused and lovingly patronize this
quill,
Circumspectly they cover its area upward from the
S. U. M. fill.

Water nymphs scales are skimpet, bare arms and
floating hair,
Also colored rubber cap that makes the landlubbers
stare,
Silk stockings (perhaps) and frocks, but—they in-
variably like to be bare.

Street gamin in unconvencion determines the high
dive
Bare precipice of the falls is where they connive,
Where they jump preceptibly down, down to swim-
mers who the old sport revives.

Its the tiptop highest, higher than any of the several
swimming school
Where diving and splashing and swimming not in
ridicule,
Where the sex learn to swim—play in the living
waters like any tom fool.

Canoes and row boats in all colors of the prism
Row, paddle and sail to and fro and back again to
the chasm—
While passengers lull in cushions and dream of
things ism.

Park trees border, confine the limpid waters to their
course.
What a boundary? Rustic, primitive and full of
cultivated force,
Full of poeticalness, and prosy as auto or horse.

Lo the motor canoe is a pleasure full of sunshine—
Patefamalias and his all can better picnic and dine,
Ruminate on the river island, beauty, bridges and
sunset supine.

Ice cream and soda vendors caters to their patron,
High life in glorious simplicity to mayor or academy
don,
To factory employee who can brouse on Cracker
Jack or Scone.

Oh, milady of lace, parasol and what not
Enjoys the running, icy waters in tree shadowed spot
Reading magazines or chattering agape like peram-
bulator tot.

New Jersey, New Jersey has the waters fresh and
salt,
Has the Aquatic Calisthenics unfermented and malt,
Her population's in ecstasy—About industry and
pastimes they'd halt.

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